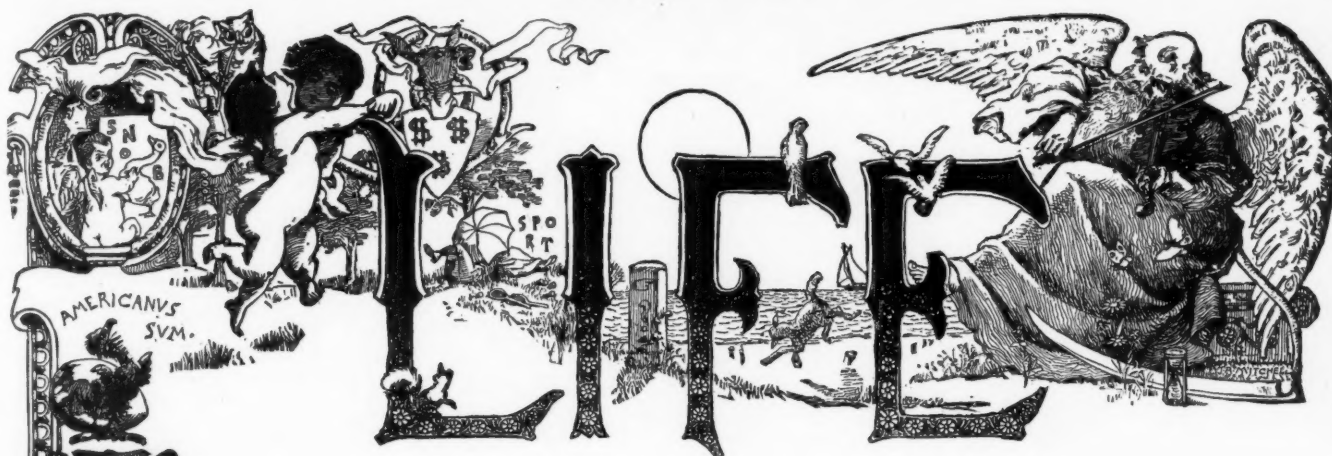


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"OU, AYE. BRAWLIE, BRAWLIE! THANK YE FOR SPEIRIN'."

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VOLUME XXIX

·LIFE·

NUMBER 734



ONE MORE PROOF.

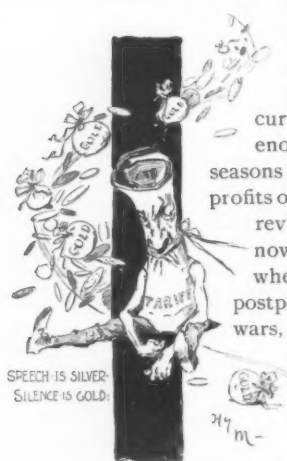
He: WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY AT OUR DIVORCE?
The Millionaire Spouse: THAT A FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIX. JANUARY 14, 1897. No. 734.
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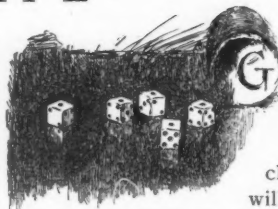
SPEECH IS SILVER.
SILENCE IS GOLD.

EXPLANATIONS of the unsatisfactory state of business are still in active demand and freely offered. The one most generally current, and which seems plausible enough, is that election came between seasons and too late for the fall trade, the profits of which are now being collected. The revival for which we are all anxious is now deferred until the early spring, when, it is understood, there is to be no postponement on account of weather, wars, tariff, free silver agitation, bad crops, potato rot, Congress, or anything else. Meanwhile, conditions continue somewhat painful. A good many business men who have borrowed heavily to tide them over bad times are reaching the limits of their credit. Every day some of them are driven into bankruptcy and the hands of receivers.



the strongest the delays are dangerous, as well as exasperating.

However, there ought to be daylight ahead, and, if the jingoes can be squelched and the high-tariff fanatics kept within bounds, it is possible that we may come to look back on '97 with emotions materially different from the distressful ones which are stirred in us by the memory of '96. Meanwhile, blessed still is he that has come down to hard pan, and has no further descent to anticipate. The times are mending, but the length of time it takes to patch them up makes one realize how badly they were out of joint.



GOVERNOR BLACK promises to make an interesting record in office. He has declared, in his inauguration speech, that "no intolerant clamor or irresponsible assault will force or prevent a single irresponsible act." This announcement is interpreted to mean that the Governor intends to do his own governing, with what assistance he may get from Mr. Thomas Platt, and that the suggestions of the *Evening Post*, and other newspapers which are not of Mr. Platt's mind, will not be influential in determining his action. He seems to intend to appoint Mr. Louis Payn Superintendent of Insurance, notwithstanding that the press of the State outside of the Platt newspapers are vociferously skeptical as to Mr. Payn's qualifications for that office.

Governor Black, who has several creditable items in his record, has never taken any pains to conceal that he is a thorough-going Republican partisan. No doubt he will do many things that will grieve the independent voters and newspapers of the State. Yet he is understood to be intelligent, and is believed to be honest, and at least may be expected to give us the good points of a partisan administration as well as its evils.

After once Mr. Platt has taken a Republican up on a high hill and showed him all the counties of the State, and Washington in the distance, it seems singularly difficult for that politician to see things in quite the same light as his fellow-citizens who have never been personally conducted by Mr. Platt to any lofty perch and invited to view the prospect.



THE main trouble with Mr. Bryan's lecture project seems to have been that what he had to say was not interesting. Men who are born great, or who become great, may reasonably hope to succeed in the lecture business; but men upon whom greatness has been thrust, do better in vocations in which they may be seen more and not heard so extensively. Except in seasons of political excitement, it is necessary that men should think thoughts before they can make speeches that folks will pay to sit under.

IT was reported the other day that Mr. Hanna was considerably indisposed, and showed the effects of hard work. The report was denied, but still LIFE hopes that Mr. Hanna will take warning by it, and make a note of the career of Mr. Daniel Manning, and avoid the generous indiscretions which cut off that lamented gentleman just as he was beginning to prove himself indispensable to the proper administration of government. There is no use in a man becoming indispensable unless he stays on the earth and keeps in working order.



YOUNG CHICAGO.

"WELL, JACK, HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE BROWNS' PARTY?"

"PRETTY WELL, BUT I'M AFRAID THERE'LL BE TROUBLE; MRS. BROWN KISSED ME, AND RIGHT BEFORE HER HUSBAND."

WHAT BYRON ROBINSON CAN DO.

THE *Tri-State Medical Journal* recently contained an interesting statement by Byron Robinson, B. S., M. D., of Chicago, Gynecologist:

I have actually seen it effectually seal gut holes in gut wounds. I shot ten dogs with a thirty-two-calibre and did not operate. Six recovered and four died. I shot fifty dogs and operated immediately, and lost a greater number of them than by letting them get well without an operation.

Only sixty dogs! Sixty well-behaved, intelligent, amiable dogs! That was quite temperate for a vivisection. And what fun he had! Of course, the dogs—well, we can imagine the time the dogs had. The whole business is so sickening and so incredibly brutish that the average American turns away in disgust.

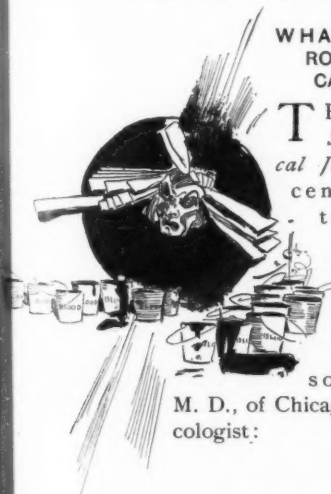
And science, where does she come

in? When the tender Byron Robinson, of Chicago, tries his next experiment on a human patient, he will probably find the conditions so different from those of his canine victims that the patient dies.

But that is a detail.

No man with the instincts of Byron Robinson, B. S., M. D., is likely to experience a devastating sorrow at the death, however painful or unnecessary, of a human patient. It is merely another experiment.

IT is a greater misfortune for a man to lose a woman's friendship than it is to lose a woman's love.



HOW IT CAME ABOUT THAT THE RIVAL KINGDOMS OF NEBERANTERBERGENSTEIN AND WILDHOENSOUNENWALD WERE UNITED.



MY LADIE FAIRE.

"MY ladie faire is like a rose"—
The figure's not a new one;
And well the modern gallant knows
It really is a true one.

For what with suppers, dances, shows,
In which he dare not stint her,
His ladie faire is like a rose—
She costs a heap in winter.

Francis W. Daire.



A GLEAM OF BELATED HUMOR.

IT will be a surprise to many readers of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's "Chapters from a Life" (Houghton) to discover that the author possesses a sense of humor. Her high-tension stories have, for so many years, created the impression that a lack of humor was her chief qualification for recording the emotional cataclysms which she calls fiction. But these chapters of autobiography are brightened with amusing anecdote and a quiet, satiric humor that caper through the pages as though glad of a long-suppressed opportunity to disport themselves.

What fun Miss Phelps might have had if she had really turned loose this frisky lamb of humor on the green and heavenly pastures of the "Gates Ajar" series of books! The most potent reflection that a reading of her life incites is, Why didn't she let it loose in those earlier days when she was looking through the Gates? But

even now she looks back upon those books with a well-guarded but very evident pleasure. The fact that they have "consoled" several hundred thousand hysterical people is one to dwell upon. She even tells "how the book grew—it moved like a tear or a sigh or a prayer." Now, that is a tremendous revelation of literary art. And it had its reward. "If heaven is like that, I want to go, and I mean to!" wrote a grateful colored girl. And a man of affairs got "his first intelligent respect for religious faith" from "Gates Ajar." The future history of that man would make a mighty entertaining sequel to the book.

Miss Phelps confesses that she never reads what is said about her books; but in the silent watches that her own sense of humor must occasionally keep with her, glimpses of doubt as to the literary and social value of the kind of emotional anodynes purveyed in some of her books must creep in to disturb the peaceful intellectual repose of her Gloucester cottage.

* * *

A VERY pleasant relief from the intensities of current fiction is afforded by several delightful books about charming children. "W. V.: Her Book" (Stone & Kimball), by William Canton, is like a rill of clear water flowing into a muddy stream. Not only is the little book fascinatingly written, but the child herself is a most

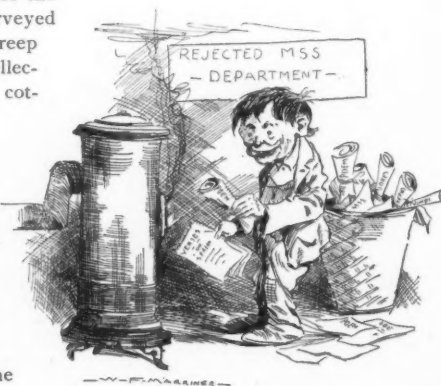
winning personality. There is no gush about it, no attempt at juvenility. It is a perfectly natural idyl of childhood, as it hits a tired man who is lonely.

The little Chinese infant, *Hoo Chee*, whose adventures are told by Chester Bailey Fernald in "The Cat and the Cherub" (Century), is another of those pleasant children who have enlivened recent fiction. The stories show decided originality and a delicate touch in style and characterization.

Walter Leon Sawyer in "An Outland Journey" (Copeland & Day) has devised a new kind of fairy story, with a stray New England twist of satire to hitch it on to certain contemporary foibles.

The insertion of Grandpa Wilkins's Yankee Aphorisms into the most fanciful parts of the narrative is an ingenious stroke of humor.

Droch.



"BURNING THOUGHTS."





BOSTON.

TIME was when the civilized world consisted of Boston and its suburbs; and even to-day Boston is taken seriously by people living in the trans-Missouri region who buy canned baked beans, put up in Chicago, as an aid to literary aspiration.

In its salad and evangelical days Boston was a serious place, leading a life of austerity, fasting and prayer, tempered by piracy and strong drink. As trade developed and piety attenuated, Boston grew more amiable, and her weather approached the dignity of climate.



erations of sedulous bean diet had developed an indigestion acute enough to be mistaken for soul. Then Boston began to have trouble with her head; she yearned to elevate the outside barbarian to her standards, and she wrote very blank verse in her newspapers. She marveled at her own intellectual greatness; she took to patronizing the Deity and remodeling the kingdom of heaven; and her country cousins in Somerville proclaimed her the modern "Aythens." If not up to the standard of Phidias, her beautiful reproductions in oak



Growing lusty and disputatious, her rude populace "sassed" the King, made cock-

tail sieves of his grenadiers, chased the first families off the earth, and had a 4 o'clock tea at the expense of their Anglo-Saxon brethren across the sea, unmindful of the common language, Bible, Shakespeare, etc., etc., alluded to tearfully by loyal orators. Later they erected a monument on Bunker Hill which was an artistic fore-

father of the Coggeswell fountain and the Cass statue.

But those were her rude, unlettered days; that was primeval Boston.

There came a time when Boston discovered that the printing press had other uses than turning out Farmers' almanacs and Thanksgiving proclamations; when the churches ceased to be fire insurance agencies, writing post-mortem policies; when gen-

and pine of maritime worthies added to the gayety of nations and the symmetry of her East Indian clippers, for Boston at that time did not put all her figureheads in public office. The American Athens had no Olympian games in that age, for Sullivan was yet unborn and unsung, Harvard had not studied how to be beaten at football, and golf was still concealed in the fastnesses of Scotland.

Following her pin-feather literary period, Boston burst into an efflorescence of letters, achieving a fame that still enables her most eminent lecturers to make one-night stands in rural districts. In those happy days the State House codfish wore spectacles, and scaled sonnets on the glittering "doom;" constables exchanged early Assyrian bon-mots with their clients; bargain counters advertised in Sanscrit; poets roamed at large on the Common; and rum was three cents a glass. It was a beautifully idyllic community, where colic inspired an epic and an east wind a system of ethics. Gray matter was a drug in the market; Harvard cultivated wisdom, not wigs; and pilgrims



"YOU CAN'T RIDE A MAN'S WHEEL, FIDO—YOUR KNICKERBOCKERS ARE TOO STRINGY."

from Pugwash and Philadelphia came to worship at Boston shrines.

Then came the deluge and the hegira. The intellectual giants fled to New York; the spectacle industry decayed; policemen began to speak in New English and circulate syndicate humor; the Welsh rabbit dethroned the bean; poets were banished to Tewksbury; the Somerset Club was imported; the cotton

mill supplanted Cotton Mather; Medford rum as a breath-changer lost its vogue; Harvard, set up a branch school of physical anatomy in the Boston Theatre; Hoyt was discovered and the Boston drama invented; Shakespeare was flouted and Pugnacious Donnelly lectured on Bacon; Pandora's Box was superseded by John L. Sullivan's; and the stone babies on the Public Library were garbed in balbriggan underwear. Thus ended the golden age of Boston.

Joseph Smith.



AT THE MUSEUM.

"So *this* is what JOHN TOLD ME TO COME AND SEE, WHEN I CAME TO TOWN!"



A POPULAR HEIR.

THE FAD OBSOLETE.

I HAVE no foolish fad for pets,
Nor spoons procured from famous places;
No fad for ancient amulets,
Or jewels, bric-à-brac, or laces.
No fad for beggars smirched and small,
Nor any crying craze excessive;
I do not yearn — no, not at all —
For fads that fit *la femme* progressive.

The sewerage of the city may
Be very bad, for all my knowledge;
I have no fad to form the way
Our modern maids are taught at college.

For female clubs no love have I,
Nor congresses of gadding mothers;
For politics I do not sigh —
I want no place possessed by others.

I'm just a silly, simple soul —
My club is by my study fire;
And round its warmth I find the whole
Sweet sum that fills my heart's desire.

A little gold, and lots of love
And faith, and all things high and human;
So if a fad my motives move,
It is to be a normal woman.

Maude Andrews.

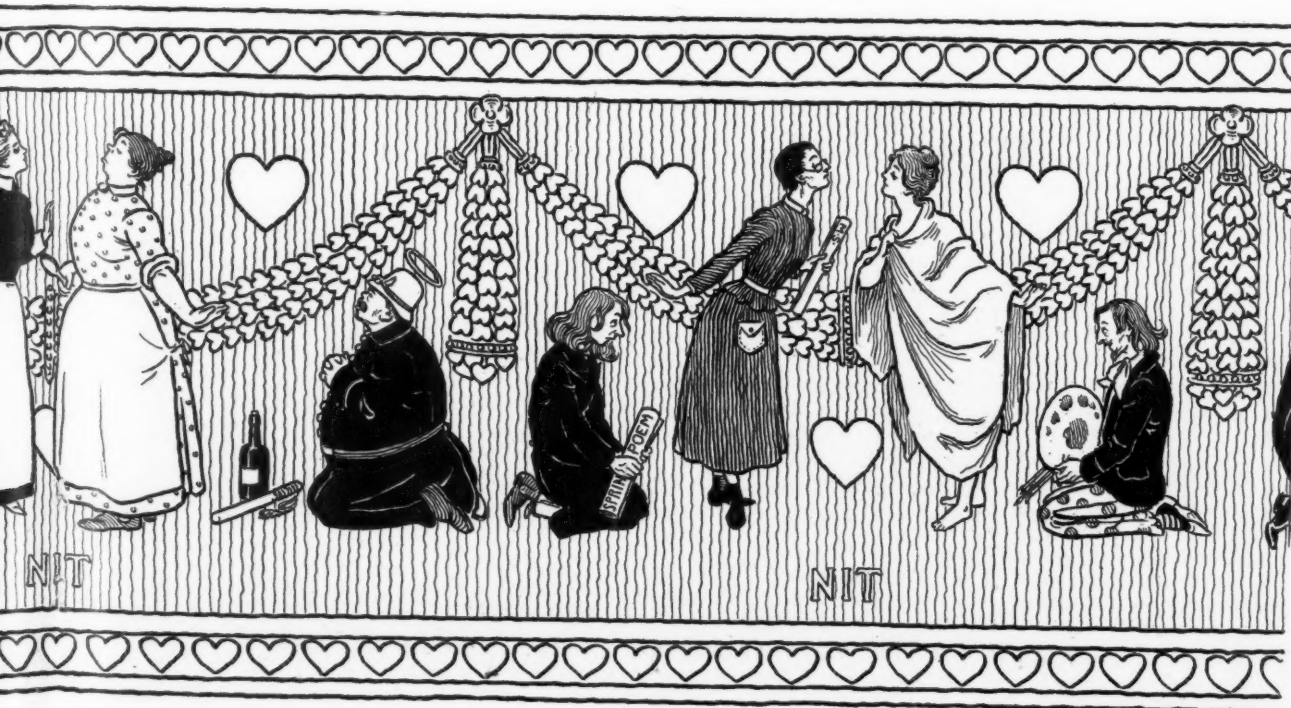


DESIGN FOR A FRIEZE—HEARTS TO





HEARTS TO BE EXECUTED IN MARBLE.





PLAY WANTED.

THE grievance of the would-be dramatist against the manager and actor has been one of long standing. There are nine millions of clever people outside the doors of the theatres, waiting for the hard-hearted persons inside to look at their manuscripts and give their plays a chance. There are, therefore, nine million heartaches, and an equal number of curses, all directed against the managers and actors who won't give the struggling geniuses with manuscripts a chance.

There must be some grievance on the other side. The play called "A Superfluous Husband" is probably a case in point. "The Holland boys," as they are known to a great many people, but to give them their professional and programme dignity, Mr. E. M. and Mr. Joseph Holland, are actors whose characteristics, qualifications and limitations are well known. They are actors of reputation and experience, but are also beginning stars. In "A Social Highwayman" they made their start, and very successfully, because the play gave them parts suited to their respective abilities and personalities, and also carried an interesting story. To continue their success they naturally looked for another play, and therefore sought a dramatist. They must have a grievance against the authors of "A Superfluous Husband," for anything less suited to their qualifications it would be difficult to find. But they are not altogether free from reproach in the premises, because their own stage knowledge should have shown them that the play was entirely unsuited to their respective abilities.

"A Superfluous Husband" is about as trifling a concoction as was ever submitted to serious consideration on the local stage. With the world of literature full of plots and full of characters, it seems strange that would-be dramatists have to fall back on such threadbare tales as that of the husband and wife who do not quite understand each other.

Mr. Joseph Holland can, of course, portray such a husband, for it is well within his powers; but why the writers should waste Mr. E. M. Holland's cleverness on so trivial a character as the wife's father, who isn't even essential in the piece, is hard to understand. It's like sending a man to do a boy's work.

Recognizing the existence of the nine million want-to-be dramatists, and then witnessing such a palpable misfit as "A Superfluous Husband," one has to admit that there must be something putrescent in the Denmark of the stage-world. The play-writing geniuses and the good actors ought to get together. Today they are as far apart as the Benevolence and Gratitude of Turgeneff's fable. The American stage evidently needs some kind of a deity to bring the strangers together.

* * *
THE American shop-girl owes a vote of thanks to Mlle. Cléo de Mérode. This French young person, who deco-



rates the ballet, and occasionally the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, is responsible for the vogue in hair-dressing which delights the patrons of the Sixth-avenue bazaars. A saleslady with her hair off her ears is becoming a rarity, and Mlle. de Mérode and the photographs of her imported to this country are to blame. It might not be an unmitigated evil if some of our statesmen in Washington could follow a similar fashion in the matter of ears.

Metcalfe.

LIFE congratulates contemporary writers of fiction on the determination of Mr. Marion Crawford to transfer his energies to the field of

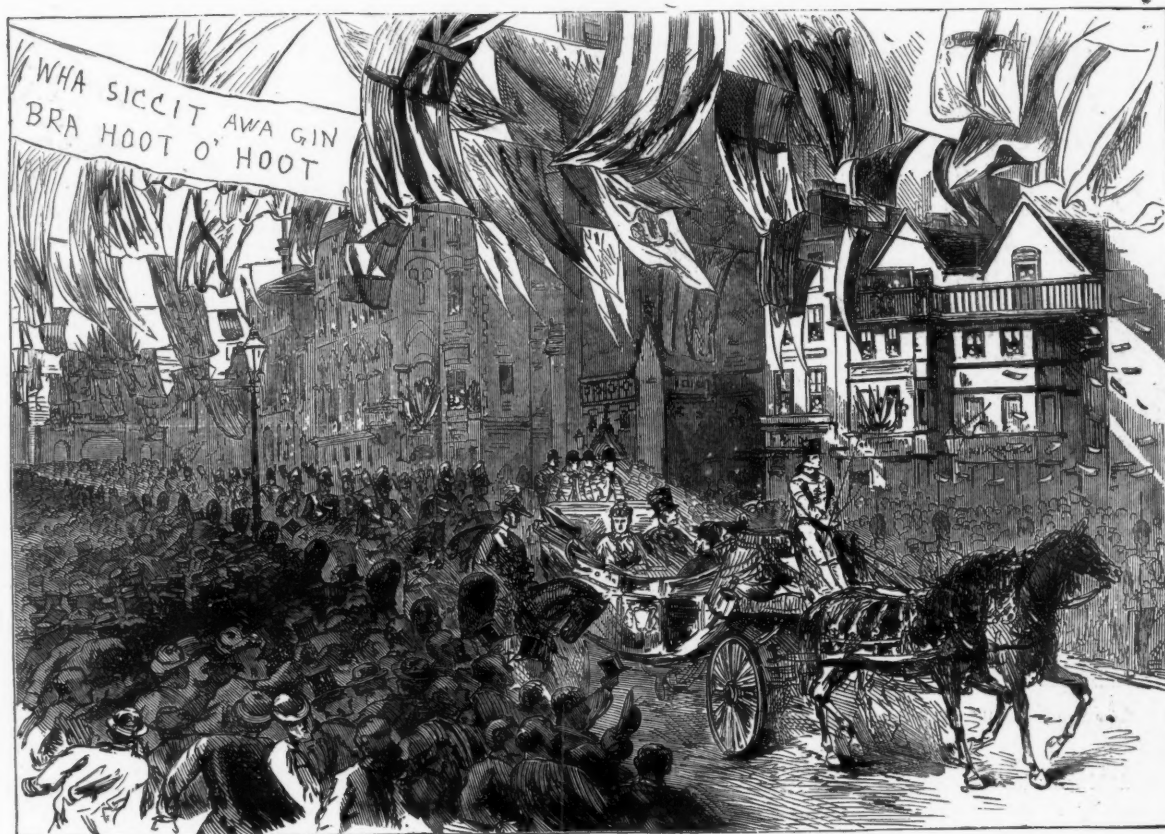
dramatic composition. Mr. Crawford has written thirty odd novels in the last twelve years, not all of equal merit, but the worst of them good enough to afford entertainment to intelligent readers. If he finds profit in play-writing, and sticks to it, he will leave a vacancy almost fit to offset the rush of the Hoot-mons into the literary field.



IN THE OLD PIT SHAFT.

First Excursionist: DOESN'T IT TERRIFY YOU — THE DEPTHS TO WHICH WE ARE DESCENDING?

Second Excursionist: OH, NO! I'M A REPORTER FOR THE NEW YORK World.



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF DONALD MACSLUSHEY INTO THE CITY OF BOSTON.

A TOAST.

HERE'S to the man who loses —
If his loss be another's gain;
For bad luck sharpens ambition,
And success, after striving, heals pain.
Here's to the balm that's a blessing,
To the lover whose love has grown
cool,
To the maid who regrets her decision,
To the other man—he was a fool.
Here's to the whirl of Life's wheel,
Which spun out the fates of all three;
To the fool who won, the lover who lost —
To him, and to you, and to me.

Gypsy.

DONALD MACSLUSHEY IN BOSTON.

THE ATHENS OF AMERICA HAS YIELDED TO
THE POPULAR ENTHUSIASM.

DONALD MACSLUSHEY is there, and ever since his arrival the Hub, including the adjacent country, has abandoned its usual

occupations and thrown itself at the feet of Donald. Even the whist tables are deserted, temporarily, and it is estimated by conservative experts that over two hundred thousand Bostonians are drunk with dialect. Thousands of volumes of Emerson have been burned upon the Common, as the most thorough and impartial search among the utterances of this former idol have failed to reveal a single sentence of Scottish dialect.

Mr. MacSlushey's lecture at Music Hall was a marvel of eloquence. His subject, "The All-Round Superiority of Scotland," electrified the biggest audience of modern times. In the course of his remarks he said:

"And why is Scotland so far ahead of all the rest of Christendom? She has never produced a great painter, sculptor or musician. Her climate is cold and damp, while the salient fea-

tures of her national costume are a scanty skirt and naked knees. Her music is the bagpipe! Her language, if you can call it such, is the harshest that ever shattered the tympanum of man. Yet why, why, altho' America, for instance, is swamped beneath a tidal wave of Scotch—of Scotch authors, Scotch literature and dialect—why is it, I ask, that we never tire of it?"

At this point a voice from the rear of the hall answered:

"But we do."

The words were no sooner uttered, however, than furious women threw themselves upon the brute and tore him into fragments.

MacSlushey Clubs are forming throughout the city, and six evenings a week are given to discussion of his works.

Trinity Church, the Public Library



ILLUMINATIONS AT SPRINGFIELD AS DONALD MACSLUSHEY'S TRAIN PASSED THROUGH THE CITY ON ITS WAY TO BOSTON.

and Mechanics' Hall are now occupied by classes in Scottish dialect, while temporary sheds are being constructed on the Common for the accommodation of those eager students who seek instruction on the bagpipe.

BENNY BLOOBUMPER: Islands don't agree with volcanoes, do they, pa?

MR. BLOOBUMPER: What do you mean, Benny?

"I read in a newspaper that the volcano of Bogoslov, on the Alaska coast, is constantly throwing up new islands."

AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

AT last we have information from a scientific authority that the end of human life upon the earth is close at hand. This will relieve a great deal of the suspense and uncertainty that has hung over the people for the last two thousand years.

The matter is demonstrated by a German scientist. His theory is that

a superabundance of carbon in the air will destroy animal life. The vegetable world is the great absorbent and neutralizer of this carbon. The destruction of our forests will allow this gas to run riot through the air, and soon kill off the human family.

This is perfectly logical. There need be no further doubt upon the question. Besides, if any doubt still remains, there are other methods for bringing about the same result. In course of time all the soil will be used up in making brick. There will be no land left to build houses on; consequently the people will die from exposure.

Again, as the bicycle craze develops, children, ladies and old people will all be killed on the highways and street crossings. Only the strongest men will survive, and, as there will be no women, the race will speedily become extinct.

At any rate, we can rest assured that the end of everything terrestrial is fast approaching. It's too bad.

Still, the world has never been a success, from Eve's indiscretion down to the Lexow revelations. Yet it's a large affair. Parts of it have been well irrigated and parts strongly fortified. It seems a shame to waste all this labor.

HE: So you have ambitions?

SHE: Yes, decidedly. I want to solve some important problem.

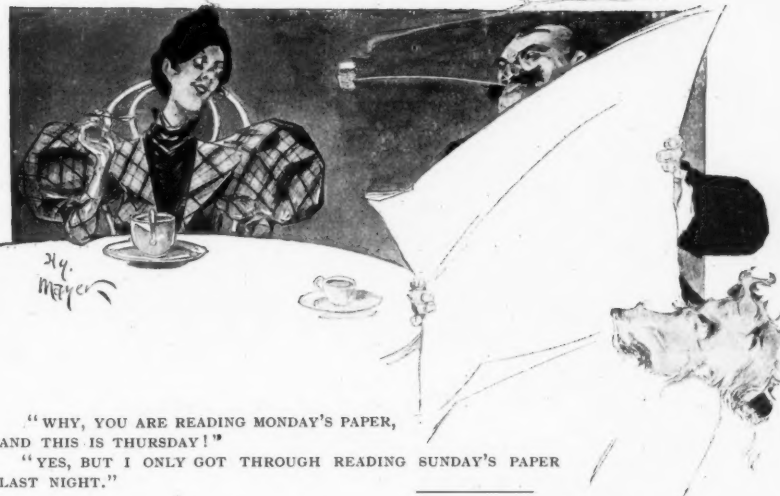
"Well, you just study out how to bring up a family on fifteen dollars a week and we'll get married."

LIFE regrets to be unable to record any improvement in the condition of the gentlemen so seriously affected by the incident of the after-dinner dancing girls, as mentioned last week. Their host has "explained," without at all alleviating the embarrassments of their predicament, or diminishing the public interest in their case. It is a sad experience to accept an invitation to dinner and find oneself served up with scandal sauce.

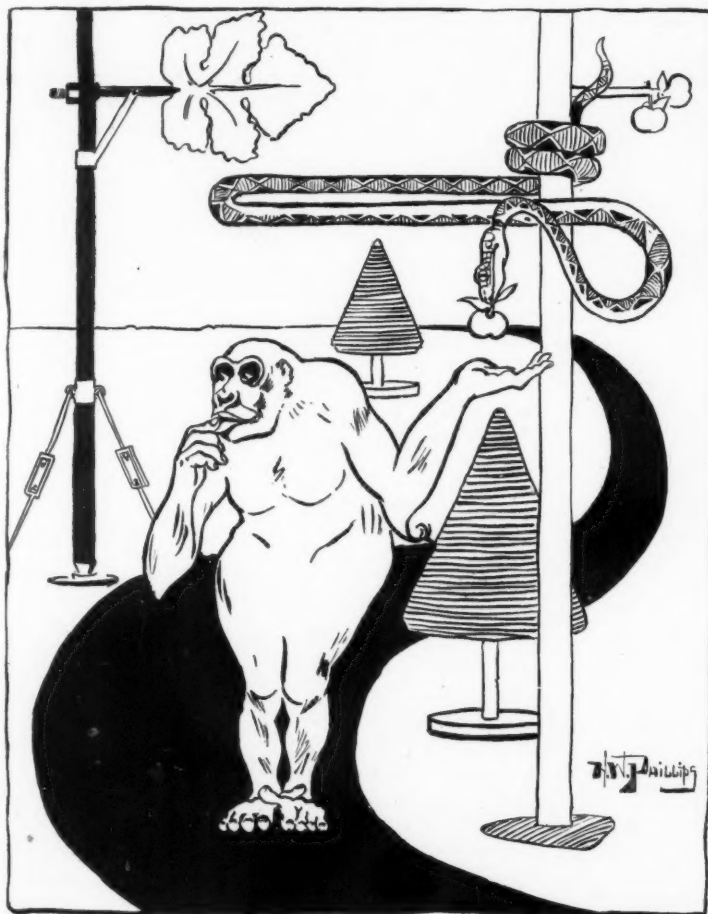
JUST THE THING!



ON New Year's went into effect the provision of the new Constitution of the State of New York which prohibits the employment of convicts in manufactures which compete with outside labor. Nothing can be made in the New York State prisons now except articles for use in the institutions of the State. The change throws many convicts out of work, and pitiful protests come from them against this en-



"WHY, YOU ARE READING MONDAY'S PAPER, AND THIS IS THURSDAY!"
"YES, BUT I ONLY GOT THROUGH READING SUNDAY'S PAPER LAST NIGHT."



THE TEMPTATION.

A DRAWING IN THE PRESENT MODE, OF THE FAMOUS SCENE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN. (AFTER SUGGESTION BY PROF. DARWIN.)

forced idleness. The wardens are doing their best to invent jobs for them; but it is going to be very difficult to find employment enough to keep them out of mischief—unless, indeed, they are set to work on the highways.

LIFE begs to suggest that, pending other occupation, they might be kept busy editing and publishing daily newspapers of the variety made familiar in New York by the spread of the "new journalism." Their talents, experience and character seem to qualify them exceptionally for this work. If their product was allowed to compete with the results of outside labor it could not injure any useful industry, and, in any event, those prisoners who were suited to the work would learn a trade in which their record would be no bar to employment and success when they got out of prison.

CARRIE: Jack thinks I'm fickle.

LENA: That's probably the reason he doesn't propose a second time.

LINES

TO MERCURY IN DEPRESSION.

SHRINK, then, into yourself! Your lofty flight
Is stopped. Anon we gazed up at the height
You had attained, and panted. Now we greet
Your fall with eye that's cold—so are our feet.
We only look to see how base you are,
Of what degree of nothingness—how far
"Below." You really must not ask that we
Demean ourselves with such low company;
Beneath our temp'rament—and temp'ature—
It is an atmosphere we can't endure.
Your troubles all from your excesses spring;
Once in the skies, now you are groveling.
If you would make your life one of serene
And uneventful calm—why, just be "mean."

Wood Levette Wilson.



MAKING THINGS CLEAR.—An old Peebles worthy and an English lady were one day recently occupants of a railway carriage in an Edinburgh-bound train. The rain had been waiting long at a certain station, and here was no appearance of its starting, when the worthy remarked: "They're a gey taiglesome lot ere."

"I beg your pardon," said the lady.
"I'm sayin' they're an awfu' daidlin' squad here," aid the old fellow.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," she rejoined.
"I'm remarkin' they're a vera dreich lot here the icht," the old gentleman further ventured.

"Really, I must again beg your pardon," said the lady, with marked embarrassment, "but I do not comprehend you."

"I was just tryin' to say the train was late," he finally lurted.

"Indeed, sir, it is very late," agreed the lady.
And the conversation collapsed.—*Dundee News.*

S. R. CROCKETT, the "Kailyard" novelist, was waited upon, after one of the two or three public lectures he has ever delivered, by a heavy, solemn-faced cot, who shook him by the hand in a melancholy manner. "I hae read a' your buiks," he said, and, after a pause, he added, "up to this." Mr. Crockett expressed is thanks. The man was silent awhile, and tried again. "You dinna do this for a livelihood?" he asked, referring to the recent lecture. "No," replied Mr. Crockett, meekly. "I was thinking that," said Mr. Crockett's critic, with still deeper solemnity.—*Argonaut.*

A **SHORT** man with the remains of a "jag" wandered into the Midland and asked for a typewriter's studio. He lives in Kansas, and had been winning bets on the football games. He wanted to stay another week, but his wife expected him home, so he was in search of a typewriter to send home a letter to serve as an apology for his non-appearance. "Kansas City, this date, ninety-six," he muttered to the typewritist. "I have that." "My dear wife." "Yes." "Very important business will require my presence in Osawatomie for a few days—" "Let's see," interrupted the artist; "how do you spell that Osawatomie?" "Spell it yourself. It's your typewriter." "I can't." "Can't spell Osawatomie?" he asked, in disgust. "No." "Then I'll go to Fort Scott."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"**SAY**, officer," said a rural-looking stranger addressing a metropolitan policeman, "will you kindly direct me to the Custom House?"

"**Kimberton**," replied the officer with an abstracted air, "is a small village on the Pickering Valley Railroad, near Phoenixville, Pennsylvania."

"The Custom House is in Wall street, I believe," continued the astonished questioner.

"The Nodaway River rises in Iowa, and, flowing south across the northwest corner of Missouri, empties into the Missouri River."

"Well, for goodness sake, what are you getting at? Show me a car line that goes to Wall street."

"The Alien and Sedition laws were passed during John Adams's Administration. The purpose of these laws was—"

"Hold on, hold on!" shouted the terrified victim, beating his head to make sure he wasn't dreaming. "Where is Bloomingdale Asylum? You can't have been out long. Don't you know anything about the city?"

"That's it, stranger," admitted the cop, confidentially lowering his voice. "The fact is, I arrived from Cedar Rapids only last week, and was appointed on the force day before yesterday. The examination was pretty stiff, but I passed."—*Texas Siftings.*

A **WASHINGTON** man, who suspected a colored man in his employ of tampering with his private stock of whiskey, allowed the demijohn to become empty, and, instead of filling it again, put the liquor in bottles in a cupboard and labeled them "Poison." One night, as he came home from the theatre, he caught the colored servant in the act. Seizing the bottle in mock terror the employer exclaimed: "Great heavens! Do you know what you are doing? Don't you see that what that bottle contains is marked poison?" The colored man held it off and looked at it. Then he smelled it, and, with a look of melancholy, replied: "Tain't poison, suh. I's done been fooled ag'in." "How dared you tamper with it, whether you knew it was poison or not?" "Boss, it was dis-a-way. F'um de way yoh acted 'bout dat demijohn in de cellar I done thought youh had yoh sp'icions ob me, an' it made me melancholy, foh sho'. I's been tryin' foh mos' two weeks now ter commit suicide out'n dat bottle!"

—*Argonaut.*

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"Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it," replied Tommy.—*Household Words.*

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—*Tit Bits.*

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New Lodger (with retiring allowance): WELL, no; NOT EXACTLY called, DON'T YOU KNOW. BUT THE GIRL MIGHT MENTION THE TIME THEN, QUIETLY—very QUIETLY, IN CASE I SHOULD BE ASLEEP.—From *Fun*.

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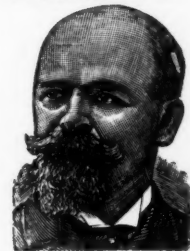
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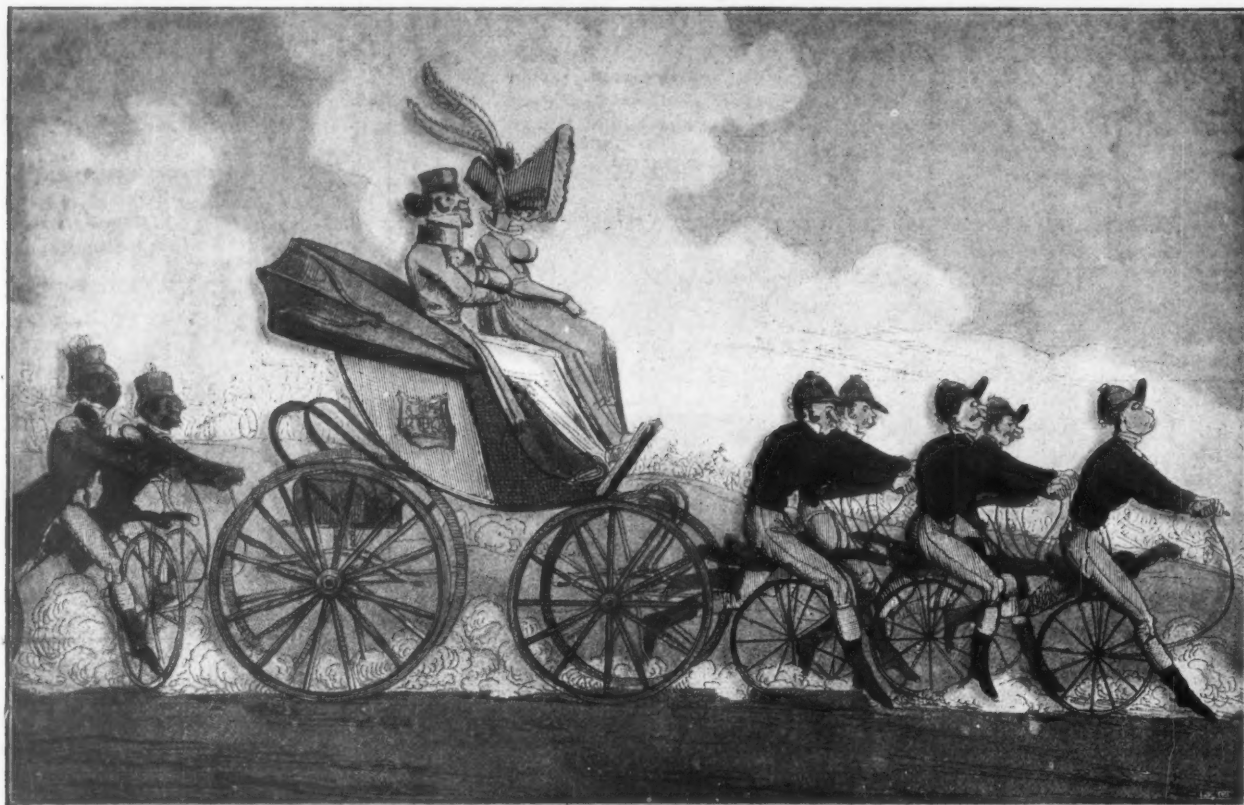
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GOING TO THE RACES IN 1819.—From *The Sketch*.



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WHICH THEY DID.

"Those revenue detectives," said the old moonshiner's daughter, As she saw them go towards her papa's still, Where it nestled in the moonlight, by the rippling, rolling water, Just without the sombre shadow of the hill, "Remind me of Al Raschid, the Caliph old, returning From his travels in disguise, his chiefest fad, Because," her cheek with shame at such a break outrageous burning, "They certainly are going to Bagdad."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Two Irishmen, who were known to be great friends, were observed one day to pass one another on the street without greeting. "Why, Mulcahy," asked a friend, have you and Mulhooly quarreled?" "That we have not," said Mr. Mulcahy, decisively. "There seemed to be a coolness between you when you passed just now." "That's the insurance of our friendship," replied Mulcahy. "Mulhooly and I are that devoted to wan another that we can't bear the thought of a quarrel, an' as we are both quick-tempered, we've resolved not to shpake to one another at all!"—Wave.

JUDGE (to a couple sentenced for fighting): Have you anything to say?

MALE DEFENDANT: I would like my wife to commence her term in prison after I am released.—German Exchange.

POLICE JUSTICE: Why are you certain that the prisoners threw eggs at you?

TRAGEDIAN: I caught them in the act.—Detroit Free Press.

THE Saunterer's friend, the Doctor, has retired from practice. A few years ago he inherited a large fortune, and since then his time has been so occupied managing his estates that it is impossible for him to continue his professional work. Not only has he taken in his shingle, but he also discourages the practice of calling him "doctor," so that in his neighborhood the title has been generally dropped.

However, every few days the Irish maid-of-all-work, when she answers the

doorbell, has to explain that though the proprietor of the establishment is a duly graduated physician he is not at present practicing his profession, and does not wish to respond to calls for his medical skill.

It happened that one day there appeared at the door a caller of a very different kind. He was the agent of some religious society, anxious rather to bleed others than to be bled himself. So, naturally, he was eager to post himself as to the church relations of his proposed subject in order to make the appeal more effectual.

His first question began in the usual way:—"Is—er—Mr. Hammersleigh at home?"

"Sure an' he is, sorr."

"Can you tell me whether or not he is a Christian?"

To Bridget this was something of a poser, but she rose supremely to the occasion with her accustomed answer:

"Sure, an' he is, yer honor. But he's not practicin' it lately."

—Boston Budget.

A PHILADELPHIA physician tells this story of a temperance crank: "A couple of weeks ago he fancied himself sick and sent for me. I told him that nothing really ailed him. 'What you need,' I said, 'is a stimulant—a little whiskey now and then will get you outdoors in a day or two.' 'Whiskey!' he gasped; 'good heavens, doctor, the folks wouldn't stand that. Why, I'm a Prohibitionist!' 'Oh, that's all right,' I said; 'I'll send you around a jug of good stuff, and you must take it in hot water, say three to six times a day.' 'But, if I send for hot water,' he said, 'they'd suspect. I mean my family and the servants.' I thought a minute, and then I said: 'You shave, don't you? Just send down your shaving mug and get the hot water in that.' This was on Saturday. On Monday I called again. Everybody in the house appeared to be greatly excited. 'What's the row?' I inquired; 'how's the patient?' The whole family answered in chorus: 'Oh, he's all right physically, doctor, but he's out of his mind completely. He's been shaving once every seven minutes all night and all day.' He recovered."—Argonaut.



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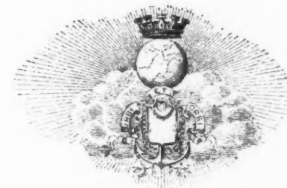
Jacksonville tours, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia January 26, February 9 and 23, and March 9, 1897. Rate, covering expenses en route in both directions, \$50.00 from New York, and \$48.00 from Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON.

Tours, each covering a period of three days, will leave New York and Philadelphia January 21, February 11, March 11, April 1 and 22, and May 13, 1897. Rates, including transportation and two days' accommodation at the best Washington Hotels, \$14.50 from New York, and \$11.50 from Philadelphia.

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